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Shulk Gets Wrecked - Fluffy Intermission

by [BunnyFairy](#)

Summary

Shulk confides in Dunban about Robin, but he already knows. Then, some fluff with Robin, just for the cute.

Every match that pitted Shulk against Robin was electrified with excitement. The two felt such passion upon just seeing the other as the announcer counted down the start of the match that their whole demeanor changed, eager to face the other to the best of their ability. Deepening their relationship outside of battle had spilled over into mutual respect on the battlefield; each of them wanted to show the other the very best of themselves.

In the heated match, Shulk felt adrenaline surge with every thrust and swing of the Monado, the beamed blade clashing loudly with Robin's electrified Levin Sword whenever the distance between them closed. Their battle was a dance, each of them moving in time with the other, whirling and dodging when playing defensively and coming in hard and heavy when on the offensive.

Shulk very quickly broke the habit of attending matches in a state of undress, as marks of Robin's passion displayed themselves on the surface of his skin. He was grateful, too, for the turtleneck collar of his sweater.

When matches concluded, it hardly mattered who won and who lost, as there was a mutual, unspoken understanding by the end of it. It was the heart of the battle that mattered, the test of skill and endurance that they shared, and the victor was simply the one who got that final lucky shot in the end.

And it would be untruthful to say that none of the excitement the two displayed in battle was the result of heightened senses as each of them anticipated passionate, adrenaline-fueled sex afterward.

Dunban recognized what was happening right away. He was awestricken to see Shulk fighting with such ferocity at first, showing aggression against Robin that Dunban had not observed against other fighters. In the beginning, he worried the opposite: that Shulk harbored some angry intention toward the other man and sought to punish him within the rules that Smash matches allowed to him. But seeing the two of them laughing together in the aftermath of battle, the victor never failing to extend his hand to help the other to their feet, Dunban understood. There was a deep friendship between his ward and the tactician of Chrom's army, and the glowing glances that the two of them shared sometimes, likely without either of them realizing how affectionate they so obviously looked during them, demonstrated Dunban's accurate assessment beyond any shadow of doubt.

He wasn't at all caught off guard when Shulk approached him one day, saying, "Dunban, there's something I've been meaning to tell you."

Dunban smiled to himself, warmed by the thought that Shulk had worked up the courage to confide in him. He decided to ease his ward's nervousness, prompting, "By any chance, would this happen to be about Robin?"

Surprise was evident in Shulk's features. "It is, actually. How did you know that?"

Dunban chuckled. He shared with the boy what he'd observed. "You likely don't even know it yourself, but your entire stance and fighting style changes when it is against him. I thought I'd seen you serious and driven in battle before, but now, proudly, the change in you is the result of your closeness with him, is it not?"

"I didn't know that I changed that much..." Shulk blushed. He took in a breath, steadying himself, before he continued with the rest of what he wanted to tell Dunban with new resolve. "Robin and I have talked a lot outside of battle. Whenever we can, lately. He is extremely intelligent, and I have liked discussing both science and sorcery with him. I have apparently liked doing battle with him, too," Shulk admitted Dunban's observation, shifting and quieting as it grew harder to continue what he wanted to say. "I like... a great many things about Robin. I like *him*." He repeated it to emphasize the point, almost disbelieving he'd managed to say it the first time: "Dunban, I *like* him."

Dunban's features softened. He smiled at him quietly, saying, "Good." Shulk was once again surprised, and Dunban comforted him again, resting his hand on the top of the smaller boy's head. "Did you expect me to lecture you? No, as far as I can see, this relationship is good for you. It's evident in your matches, how he drives you to reach even further greatness than you possessed before. There are likely other positive influences he's had on you as well." Shulk reflected on how much he'd learned about magic from the other man, as well as less significant things, such as how he watched his posture now, desiring to be as proper as Robin in his everyday habits.

Dunban's hand slid from the top of Shulk's head to the side of his face. He was humbled by his own thoughts, as he understood, now, the sensation that parents must feel when they expressed the subject of their progeny having grown up so fast. He dropped his hand, deciding against expressing such a hackneyed thought aloud.

He decided to lighten the mood instead, saying, "And then there's the fact that the both of you so mysteriously seem to disappear when your matches are concluded."

Shulk reddened, aghast as he struggled for a comeback or explanation, but Dunban only laughed. "It is all right," he promised. "As long as he continues to treat you well. Perhaps I should talk with him, too..."

"God, no," Shulk protested, "That would be too embarrassing!"

As Shulk prepared to visit Robin proceeding the conversation he was grateful to finally have had with Dunban, he bumped into Riki. "Riki!" he scolded as his small friend scurried underfoot.

"R-r-r-riki happy to learn about Shulk being kiss-kiss with boyfriend Robrob!" Riki rolled the r's of his name as he bounced and danced with excitement.

Shulk reddened at once, his loss of patience overridden with embarrassment. "He's not my... boyf..." he corrected, stopping himself at the difficulty of even forming his mouth over the word. He shocked himself, puzzled by the thought. Were they "boyfriends?" The consideration was heavy on his mind the whole way he traveled to the barracks Robin occupied with his companions.

He found Robin seated at the tea table, engrossed in a book and nurturing a teacup, its aroma curling from the dark liquid within. "Hello to you," Robin greeted soothingly, his voice comforting the anxious Shulk as he eased into his own seat beside him.

"I talked to Dunban today," Shulk said, already easing significantly in Robin's presence.

"That's wonderful! I hope he approved," Robin abandoned his book as delight took him, leaning toward Shulk to hear his answer. He sighed with great relief when Shulk nodded, but could tell that something else still weighed on the boy's mind. "What is it?" he asked in concern.

"I ran into Riki, too," Shulk explained, "and he called us 'boyfriends.' I started to correct him automatically, and I feel a bit bad for it, now. It made me wonder about it... Robin, are we...?"

Robin smiled, relieved again that Shulk's worry was over something so relatively small. "You may call me your boyfriend, if you like," he said, planting a kiss on his temple. "You look very cute when you say it, especially when you are embarrassed by it like just now."

Shulk pouted, "I don't want to only be thought of as 'cute'..." Robin had to bite his lower lip to keep his mirth from showing at the very cute display of Shulk denying his cuteness.

"Don't worry about that," he comforted, "I think of you as a great deal many things." Robin mentally listed off words like *sexy*, *innocent*, *sunshine*, and *cinnamon roll*, wisely keeping them to himself to keep Shulk's humiliation at minimum.

Shulk, however, was pushing the initial concern again. "I would like to be able to have... a *word* to refer to us by." His voice quivered as he asked, "What are we, Robin?"

Robin eased in his seat. He nodded calmly, and offered simply, "Lovers. We are lovers."

Shulk could swear, in that moment, that the sunlight streaming through the window behind Robin made him *glow*, and Shulk's senses were filled with the flowery aroma from his tea, from the flower in the vase on the table, and from Robin himself. His heart *swelled*. It overwhelmed him, heat rising from his neck to the tips of his ears, and he somewhat huffily balled up his hands and pressed them onto his knees to contain himself.

“Though I know you hate hearing it, you look *exceptionally* cute right now,” Robin purred, leaning in to touch his lips softly to Shulk's jaw, just below his ear.

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